

in the wall, and this would help to give him thickness if he desire it: he may consider that while iron is to be his main dependence, he may introduce other material to give him colour, while still the main framing and construction remain apparent. Perhaps he has seen the clever introduction of porcelain in connection with iron by a member of the Architectural Association. Coloured thin tiles may effectively be introduced, with a pattern on them if required; or any other dense medium, not affected by the weather; or he may coat his metal with some other metal, and so defy corrosion. But perhaps he was brought up a Goth, and feels sorely the want of buttresses, objecting greatly to a flat surface of wall: a buttress which is to resist a thrust he does not require, but stays and supports he ought to have, and not to depend on the tying in of the roof, as we usually see done; and if he were to stiffen his exterior by open-work standards thrown out at certain distances, he might satisfy his prejudices much in this respect; and all the while his aim and treatment would tend to show light nervous strength, without heaviness and without firmness.

But here is a difficulty: his client will have the church seen for miles away: he likes a tower and spire, and will have one.

Now, the feelings excited by heaping up stone on stone, and rearing a mass solid as the natural mountain, telling of ages gone—looking to ages to come—mighty mass, unyielding power,—this he cannot imitate, at least in the same way: to cast blocks of iron hollow, and pile them up like stones, he feels will not do; but might he not put up a structure of powerful framing, of bold outlines, and exterior bespeaking stern endurance, which should in another way convey similar impressions, while he might elevate an open-work enriched spire, the whole meeting, in some degree, the end he desired?

In this case we have of course been supposing an influence from that which exists around us, not arguing that this or that suggestion is in any respect the most applicable.

In executed examples of iron-work there is a want of profile and projection, a baldness which we believe might be avoided, although, without question, our material is less susceptible of light-and-shade effects than many others; while it is as true that mouldings and water-tables, cornices and large projections, massive consoles, &c. belong to quite another order of beauty.

With regard to ornamentation, although there is no opportunity for the stone carver, is the talent of the worker in iron less—the art of the chaser and finisher—the elaborations of the cunning smith in wrought work a lower order than the mason's? Assuredly not; while there is a vast field unexplored of ornamentation by the incrustation of one metal on another, and gilding, silvering, and the employment of colour, are of course altogether admissible.

Having carried our supposed case thus far, for the purpose of covering our assault on the castle of prejudice, let us revert to what we originally started with, namely, the desire to show that unexpected innovations are not to be cried down and opposed because new; and perhaps some may think, after all, that even such an extreme result as we have contemplated is not so abominable, so incapable of good treatment, so decidedly inappropriate, unworthy of the art, and impossible of execution.

And I would argue that he who could embody in some worthy form the demands of the age, would render good service to his country and to his country: an unknown wilderness, as it appears as yet, is opened out to us: he would be a great man who could map out the right track and find out the paths that will lead to the pleasant places in the new land.

Surely, it is the want of this feeling that is making us each day go on preferring old wares to new—making us writh about in the confined bounds we have raised around us—continually trying to escape from our self-imposed imprisonment, but whenever we do so, in some

degree giving melancholy evidence that we have rivoted the chain too strongly—that the bricks are too heavy; and even if we succeed to some extent, still the name of our art-prison is branded upon us, and we and our art-country are known wherever we go.

Is not this so in the great majority of the attempts of modern art at originality? Is not the result of thought, labour, and great desire in the designer, in too many instances, only a jumble of styles—an incorporation of one principle with some other perhaps very antagonistic—a kind of happy family of art notions, forced to live together in seeming harmony, but in real nature altogether at variance?

But with a new material, such as the age would seem to bring ready to our hand, all these difficulties disappear.

Can I be wrong if I strenuously urge upon the enterprising members of the profession the necessity, the desirableness of turning their earnest attention to the possibility of some such change?

But the particular feature we have been considering is merely one out of many new things which abruptly meet us: another feature of the day—the result of an almost insatiable demand—natural offspring of the spread of science and exercise of ingenuity—is, the production of numberless details, ornaments, and parts of a building by machinery; so that there is an opportunity for those too idle to think, or too incapable, to find ready-made efforts of the mind of others, which they buy as articles of commerce and use—papier maché and cannibal ornaments, designs for decoration, composition, enrichments, &c. &c., the tendency of which, if used to any extent, must be to render the offices of an original designer in many cases less necessary, and so to give an encouragement to idleness, and by the decrease of the demand and the want of practice, to dull the edge and sap the vigour of the artist's mind. It is difficult to say how this state of things should be met: perhaps it must rest with the architect's employer: if he will have the greatest show albeit with the least intrinsic value—the most in appearance for his money at the lowest trade price,—then such means must be used; but if the architect may choose, will he not do better to rest content with harmonious plainness—with actually designing and putting forth only the efforts of his own mind—even to the loss of showy elaboration, which he may not be able to afford? He will assuredly be the gainer thereby in mental culture and experience, and his employer will possess an unique and therefore valuable work.

I confess I think the profession ought not to encourage the sale of this ready-made art garniture: if the practice could become universal, then that architect would be the greatest man who had the most complete collection of trade tariffs, and who was most fully up to the market-price of, literally, "the materials of his art."

Let, however, a wide distinction be made between this and the employment of machinery in the production of works of original design. There has been some empty talk of how the production loses, if the hand and finger of man be not immediately on it: there may be a great increase of interest if, when contemplating the beautiful form of a moulding, we can picture to ourselves the intent earnestness of the mason, hanging over the work as one of love, following it out carefully as it grows beneath his hand, and emerged from the rude stone watered by the sweat of his brow—the task before him one of thoughtful admiration—the success heart-gladdening—the recollections of grateful toil soothing in the weariness of evening; and, it may be, reminiscences of the beautiful still sweetening the slumbers of night; and truly such are the influences of Art! at its birth gladdening and raising the producer, for the time at least, above the things around him, and ever after continuing to minister to the happiness of mankind. It may be that the machine-worked moulding has reached maturity by a process less graceful to the producer, but is there not as much of the human in it, as much of mind, effort, and thoughtful power written

on it? I might say that there is a greater impress of the power of mind; that the iron sinews and discoveries of science brought to bear and made subservient to the art-mind are as valuable as interesting, and more so, and more wonderful, giving in the thing produced as much matter for reflection and food for imagination, making it a yet greater monument of what the mind of man may achieve.

When I consider the fact, that never yet has that metal which I have chiefly alluded to, iron, been used in any important manner by any architect—that not even has any design ever been publicly exhibited for doing so—that while terms for the division of Gothic architecture, the manner in which enrichments on Gothic mouldings are carved, are subjects capable of exciting intense interest through the length and breadth of the land—I must feel that the effort is not ill placed, or the time thrown away, in directing inquiry to some of those things which are about us,—that it is at all events well to bring the subject before you for your discussion.

Is it not almost astonishing that no spirit of speculation or inquiry should have led anyone of the immense body of architects in this country to test and ascertain at least what might be done with this metal?

JAMES EDMESTON.

THE CATTLE SHOW, KING-STREET BAZAAR.

THE "coming event," Christmas, begins to "cast its shadows before," and in the present instance assumes the more substantial than graceful form of monster pigs, colossus sheep, and mammoth oxen. The King-street Bazaar again opens its doors to these giant specimens of over-feeding, not as solitary wonders as at a country fair, but in whole flocks and herds, until our ideas of natural history become so distorted, that the leg of mutton put on table to-day looks more like a giant model for a "swarry" than a reasonable "family joint." There are "trimmings" to match, and Prince Albert exhibits pumpkins that render the transformation of one of these vegetables into Cinderella's coach a commonplace idea. We look to see the accomplished honorary Secretary mount the box and scamper off with the heroine of the small slipper.

In our innocence, or, as modesty should suggest, ignorance, it is not without the assistance of the labels that we are able to distinguish between the mass of flesh ticketed "South-down" and the mass of flesh ticketed "pork." The labels and the wool are made for us as we.

If to the inexperienced eye, however, this form and proportions (?) fail to instruct as to the "improvement of breed," there are moral lessons which we cannot choose but read. In that specimen of the fleecy tribe, see how sensual indulgence has obliterated every line of shape it ever possessed. See how the cold reflective light that shines out even from "sheep's eyes," as it chews the cud of food and bitter thought in summer fields, has given place to the dimness of utter vacuity. What a pity that this moral lesson will not be so legible when this sheep becomes mutton! Can there really be a pig that looms upon our sight as Mr. William Culliford's silver medal pig (No. 263)? A small specimen of pork, something more than sufficient for the supply of rations to a fleet bound for an Arctic winter. A mystery how it could have been placed there, but a still greater mystery how it is to be removed. A work requiring diplomatic care and circumspection.

"Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

But we shall be called to order, and reminded that the philosophy and poetry of bricks and mortar, the building and the implements, are the objects that should more particularly engage our attention. Well, so be it.

As we struggle through the crowd we catch faint glimpses, bringing back fond recollections of the Great Exhibition. Here stand